

GRIPPING TALES OF SUSPENSE!

AMERICAN
COMICS GROUP
AGC

No. 71
FEB.

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COMICS
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C.C.C.
AUTHORITY

ADVENTURES INTO THE

UNKNOWN

10¢

RUMORS OF A
SUSPICIOUS OLD
SAILING VESSEL HAVE
TOUCHED OFF A COAST
GUARD SEARCH...

AN ANCIENT PIRATE SHIP
SAILED OUT OF THE PAST
... AND GRIM DANGER LOOMED!
READ ABOUT IT IN...

"LIGHTHOUSE *on the* **REEF!**

WHO SPEAKS?
COME OUT,
WHOEVER YE ARE
...AN' FACE MY
CUTLASS!



WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM



FORCES YOU TO SAVE

Savings Mount Up Quickly
and Easily

Yes, it's easy with the Dime Register Bank because it shows you your progress day by day. You'll be amazed how those dimes you think almost nothing of grow to dollars, tens, twenties, fifties and even hundreds.

Before you know it you have the money for just the things you wanted for yourself and it hasn't hurt one bit. The register tells you exactly how much you have saved and the door unlocks automatically when the bank is full.

A FREE DIME STARTS YOU ROLLING

And for good luck, just to start you off right, we give you a bright new shiny dime with the bank.



ONLY
\$1.00

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Honor House Products Corp. Dept. B-140
Lynbrook, New York

Rush me _____ Register Banks by return mail. I enclose \$1 for each. If I am not satisfied I may return it after 10 Days FREE TRIAL for refund of the money I sent.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

FREE!

Shiny new
"Good Luck"

Dime to start
you off right.

Just send one dollar with
your name and address and we
will rush your Register Bank and
shiny new Dime to you. Use it 10
days Free. If You're not 100% de-
lighted, we will refund the money
you sent.

10 Day
Trial—FREE

DONALD DUCK
PROJECTOR & THEATER

SHOW EXCITING NEW MOVIES
IN YOUR OWN HOME

DONALD DUCK PROJECTOR
and Theatre for 16MM Films

COMPLETE WITH
4 THRILLING FEATURE FILMS

All the magic and thrill of movies in your own home is now yours. You can actually show your own complete collections of exciting movies to your friends, your family, everybody, right in your own theatre. All you do is load the big 16 MM projector with Donald Duck, sit back, relax and get set to enjoy yourself with laughs, thrills, and adventure. It's like going to a show everyday. Why, I'll bet all the other kids are going to flock around you. You can have an invitation to show the kids. It'll be great fun holding shows and parties, and you can even charge admission for all the excited kids that'll just be begging for a chance to come in. You can show the complete 16 MM collection of 48 films, ever, with Donald Duck, Mickey Mouse, Pluto, and all your favorite comedy heroes, and you can show Dad's 16 MM film too. Pictures can be shown on walls and ceilings as well as on the floor. You can show your 16 MM films larger than you've ever known. Don't delay! Order now! Only \$2.98. Because of its large size we are forced to add an additional \$6.00 shipping charges. Send C.O.D. if you can't afford to pay extra at just \$2.98, so you can build up a complete collection of exciting movies. Complete list of 48 thrilling films comes with each projector and theatre.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP. Dept. D141
35 Wilbur Street, Lynbrook, N.Y.

Rush my Donald Duck Theatre and Projector for 16 MM Films together with 4 complete films at once. If I am not 100% delighted I may return it after 10 days trial for prompt refund of the full purchase price.

I enclose \$2.98 plus 36¢ shipping charges.
 Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus C.O.D. shipping charges.

Name _____
Address _____

ONLY
\$2.98

10 DAY TRIAL FREE

We are so sure you will be delighted with your Donald Duck Projector and Theatre for 16 MM Films that we offer our complete films that we offer a 10 Day Trial Free. If you are not 100% delighted you may return within 10 Days and you will receive a refund of your full purchase price.

IN THE PRIVATE FILES OF A HOSPITAL LAY THE RECORDS THAT COULD HAVE TOLD CAPTAIN PETER GARRETT THE TRUTH! BUT SOMETIMES THE TRUTH IS BEST HIDDEN--ESPECIALLY WHEN BEHIND IT THERE LURKED...

"The SECRET of HIDDEN VALLEY!"



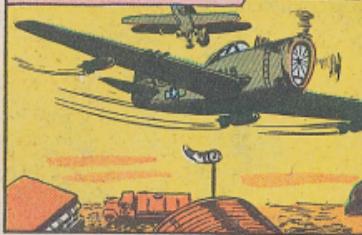
JULY 4TH, 1943--AFRICA! AS PETE GARRETT LEFT THE BRIEFING-ROOM...

GUESS WE'LL TANGLE WITH ROMMEL'S FLY-BOYS TODAY, EH, PETE?

WHAT BETTER DAY FOR IT THAN THE 4TH OF JULY? I'VE GOT A FEELING I'M GOING TO HAVE ME SOME ADVENTURE!



IN HIS WILDEST IMAGININGS, HE COULDN'T HAVE DREAMED THE TRUTH OF THAT CASUAL STATEMENT AS HE TOOK TO THE AIR ON THAT BRIGHT INDEPENDENCE DAY...



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BATTLE WAS SOON JOINED! IT WAS A DOGFIGHT, AND PETE KNEW THE ELATION OF VICTORY...

YEEOWWW!
I GOT 'IM!



THEN, SUDENLY... A SPENT BULLET CREASED HIM...

ZING!

OH...

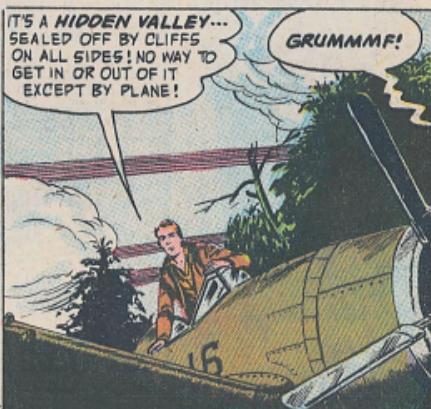
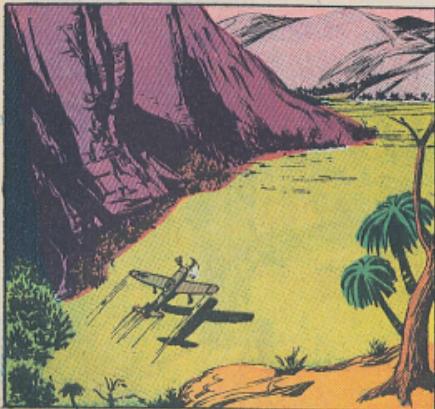


FIGHTING OFF UNCONSCIOUSNESS, HE STROVE TO RETURN TO HIS BASE! BUT HIS SENSE OF DIRECTION WAS GONE... AND A RISING GALE DROVE HIM FAR OFF COURSE INTO THE UNCHARTED MOUNTAINS...

GOT TO... LAND THIS PLANE... BEFORE THE STORM BREAKS IT APART! BUT THERE'S NO LANDING PLACE IN THESE HILLS... GOING DOWN... GOING TO CRASH...

CRAZILY HE DODGED THE YAWNING PEAKS WHICH REACHED FOR HIM... AND THEN...

AM... AM I CRAZY OR IS THERE SOME GREEN DOWN THERE... A VALLEY?







MANY CENTURIES AGO, MY PEOPLE LIVED ON THE DISTANT PLANET KARUNDA! WE WERE OF THE HIGH CASTE RULING CLASS, AND ACCORDING TO OUR RELIGION, WE COULD ONLY MARRY AMONG OUR OWN KIND...

YOU MEAN THAT WAS ONE OF YOUR LAWS?

YES! FOR ANY MAN OR WOMAN WHO LOVED OUTSIDE OUR CASTE, THERE WAS DEATH...FOR THIS WAS SACRILEGE AGAINST OUR GOD, MON-RA!

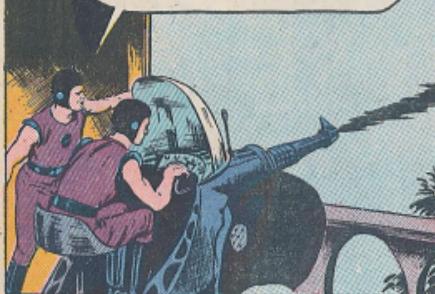
BUT LET ME CONTINUE! FOR CENTURIES, WE RULED THE ANIMAL-LIKE HORDES OF OUR FAR PLANET...

IT IS OUR JUDGMENT THAT THE ROYAL TROOPS DRIVE OUT THE TOWNSMEN AND SET THE TOWN TO THE TORCH FOR DARING TO QUESTION OUR LAWS!



BUT THEN THE PEOPLE, STIRRED BY AGITATORS, BEGAN TO GET IDEAS OF OVERTHROWING US! THEY WERE MANY AND WE FEW...BUT WE FOUGHT BACK WITH OUR GREAT SCIENCE...

LET THEM ATTACK IN MILLIONS...
...AS LONG AS WE HAVE OUR BLACK RAY, NOTHING CAN STAND BEFORE IT!



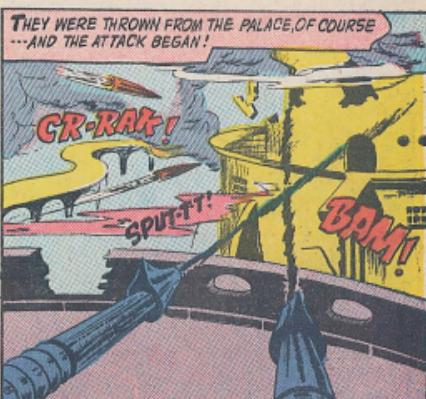
BUT AGAINST THE DAY WHEN THEY MIGHT DEVELOP POWERFUL WEAPONS OF THEIR OWN, WE BUILT HUGE SPACE VEHICLES, WHICH WE KEPT IN READINESS...



BUT FINALLY THE DAY CAME WHEN WE WERE SERVED WITH AN ULTIMATUM...

WE HAVE SOLVED THE SECRET OF YOUR BLACK RAY, AND CAN DEFEND AGAINST IT...AND NOW WE HAVE OUR OWN MEANS OF ATTACK! STEP DOWN, AND YOU WILL SURVIVE! BUT OTHERWISE...

THEY WERE THROWN FROM THE PALACE, OF COURSE...
...AND THE ATTACK BEGAN!



THE BATTLE WAS BITTER AND LONG! TIME AND AGAIN, WE HURLED THEM BACK, BUT FINALLY, WE KNEW THEY WERE TOO STRONG FOR US! THE TIME HAD COME FOR A MOVE...

IF THE HONOR OF MON-RA, OUR GOD, IS TO BE PRESERVED, WE MUST DEPART AT ONCE, AND SEEK SOME UNINHABITED PLANET FOR OURSELVES!

LET US LOAD BREEDING STOCK OF OUR CATTLE AND DOMESTIC ANIMALS ABOARD THE SPACE CRAFT... AND GO!

AND SO, WORKING FRANTICALLY AGAINST TIME, WE LOADED OUR SHIPS...



AND THEN... TAKEOFF!



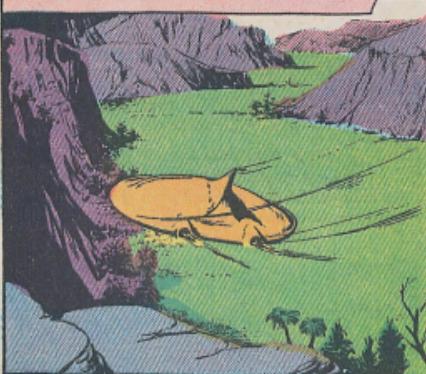
IT WAS TO HAVE BEEN A MASS MIGRATION TO WHATEVER PLANET WE PICKED AS OUR NEW HOME... BUT A RAGING STORM IN SPACE SEPARATED US...



WHAT HAPPENED TO THE OTHERS, WE NEVER LEARNED! BUT OUR SPACE SHIP FINALLY PENETRATED EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE! BY THE TIME WE SAW IT WAS INHABITED, FRICTION HAD SO DAMAGED OUR CRAFT THAT...



IT MUST HAVE BEEN FATE THAT BROUGHT OUR CRAFT ROARING DOWN TOWARDS THIS HIDDEN VALLEY...



WE COULDN'T TRUST THE SPACE SHIP TO TAKE US OUT AGAIN, SO HERE WE HAVE REMAINED... SINCE NOBODY KNEW OF OUR PRESENCE! WE LEARNED YOUR LANGUAGE THROUGH WHAT YOU CALL "RADIO"... AN INVENTION WE HAD CENTURIES AGO! NOW TELL ME... WHAT OF THE PLANE YOU CAME HERE IN?



(CONTINUED ON PAGE AFTER NEXT)

SAY HEY, DAVY CROCKETT!

Here's a tent to have fun in!

only \$ **1** complete

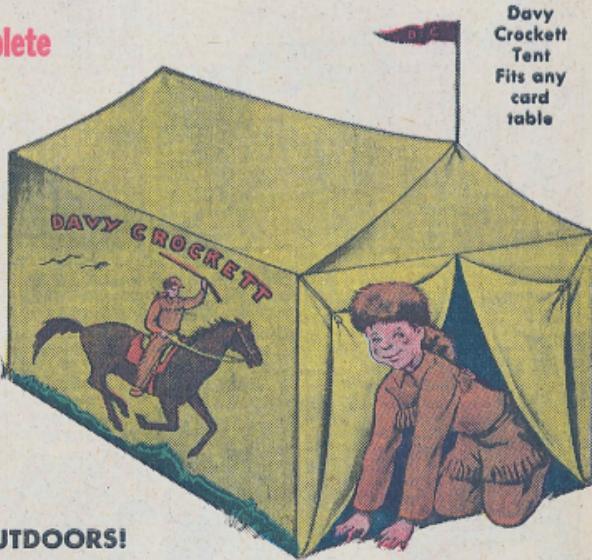
**Sets up in an
INSTANT!**

NO TOOLS NEEDED!

**2 Youngsters Can
Fit Under This Tent
Easily!**

USE INDOORS OR OUTDOORS!

Davy Crockett never had it so good! Here's a tent that you can set up in seconds and become the king of the wild frontier! Big enough to hold you and your best pal. Use any card table as a frame—or if you're outdoors, stick four pegs in the ground and you're all set! Sturdy, durable plastic—will last for years. Outside of tent is decorated with live, action scenes of Davy Crockett pioneer days. You can have fun indoors on rainy days with your Davy Crockett tent and when the weather's right you can pitch camp in your favorite outdoor spot. No tools or skills required—all you do is set the tent over the framework. Lift up the flap to get in and out. Think of the fun and thrills you and your pals can have living it up in Davy Crockett pioneer style! And all you need do to get one of these tents is send us \$1 plus 25¢ for postage along with the coupon at the bottom of the page. You'll get your authentic Davy Crockett tent back by return mail. And what fun you and your gang can have with it—you can play cowboys-and-Indians with it—relive the Davy at the Alamo tale! And the tent really can take it—will stand up under the most vicious attacks! Long-lasting plastic—washes clean in seconds



Davy
Crockett
Tent
Fits any
card
table

with a damp rag. BUT—there's only a limited supply of these great Davy Crockett tents on hand, so make SURE of getting yours—send the coupon TODAY! Sorry, but no more than 3 to a customer.

CONSUMER'S MART,
Dept. 121-AB-9
352 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

CONSUMER'S MART, Dept. 121-AB-9
352 Fourth Ave., New York 10, N. Y.

Please RUSH me a Davy Crockett tent without delay. If I'm not delighted after a 5-day trial, I'll return the tent for a full refund of my purchase price. I enclose 1.00 plus 25¢ for postage, for each Davy Crockett tent ordered.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

TOWN..... STATE.....

HE DIDN'T KNOW WHY HE'D SAID THIS...EXCEPT THAT SOME INSTINCT WARNED HIM TO SAFEGUARD HIS MEANS OF ESCAPE! THEN...

WHAT'S TO BECOME OF ME, NOW THAT I'M HERE?

FORTUNATELY FOR YOU, THERE'S NO WAY THAT YOU CAN LEAVE TO REVEAL OUR PRESENCE HERE! THEREFORE YOU ARE WELCOME TO REMAIN AMONG US...AS AN OUTSIDER, OF COURSE!

PETE WAS IN NO HURRY TO ESCAPE...THERE WAS MUCH HE WANTED TO FIND OUT ABOUT THIS STRANGE RACE AS THE DAYS PASSED...

WHY DO YOU ALWAYS TURN AWAY FROM ME AND NEVER MEET MY EYE, LURA? WHY ARE YOU AFRAID OF ME?

AMONG MY PEOPLE, THE WOMAN ALWAYS MUST DEFER TO THE MALE!

IT'S NOT LIKE THAT AMONG THE PEOPLE OF MY RACE! REMEMBER THAT YOU'RE AN EQUAL...AND DON'T EVER BE AFRAID OF ME!

AND SO LURA LEARNED NOT TO BE AFRAID! IN SECRET, SHE ACCOMPANIED PETE, SHOWED HIM THE SPACE-MEN'S CIVILIZATION...

...AND THESE ARE THE PARVISAREE...OUR CATTLE!

I'VE NOTICED A WALLED ENCLOSURE DOWN THAT WAY! WHAT WOULD BE IN THERE?

HE SAW...AND MARVELED...

WELL, I'LL BE...! IT'S A SPACE SHIP!

THE ONE IN WHICH MY PEOPLE FIRST CAME HERE! IT'S BEEN KEPT INTACT AND IN REPAIR AS A TRIBUTE TO OUR GOD, MON-RA, FOR HAVING BROUGHT US HERE SAFELY! NOT THAT IT COULD BE USED AGAIN, OF COURSE!



TIME WENT ON...THEY FELL INTO A FRIENDLY, INTIMATE RELATIONSHIP...

I...I SHOULDN'T BE WITH YOU THIS WAY, PETE! YOU'RE AN OUTSIDER...IT'S AGAINST ALL OUR LAWS...

YOU KNOW THAT YOU WOULDN'T WANT IT TO STOP, ANYMORE THAN I WOULD!

YOU'RE...THE LOVELIEST GIRL I'VE EVER KNOWN, LURA! I...I'VE FALLEN IN LOVE WITH YOU...

NO, IT CAN'T BE...YOU MUSTN'T TALK LIKE THIS! WE'RE OF DIFFERENT WORLDS...WE...





THEY'VE GOT A GUARD POSTED OVER HER! I'VE GOT TO GET PAST HIM AND IF THERE'S ONE THING I'VE LEARNED, IT'S JUDO!...HERE GOES!



PETE! HOW...HOW DID YOU GET HERE...?

NEVER MIND THAT! WE'VE GOT TO ESCAPE, LURA! I LIED ABOUT THE AIRPLANE I CAME IN...I'VE GOT IT HIDDEN, AND NOW WE'RE GOING TO USE IT TO ESCAPE!



YOU'RE RIGHT, PETE! BECAUSE I LOVE YOU... I'LL GO!



NO...THERE IS STILL ONE
MORE THING I CAN DO
TO AVERT THE WRATH OF
OUR GOD!



AN HOUR LATER...

THE VALLEY'S A FEW HUNDRED MILES
BEHIND US ALREADY! WE'RE FREE,
LURA!



SUDDENLY...

L-LOOK!



AND THERE IT WAS, DIVING OUT OF THE SKIES UPON
THEM--THE ANCIENT SPACE SHIP IN WHICH THE GIANTS
HAD FIRST COME TO EARTH!

HOLY...
SMOKE!



I'VE GOT TO ERASE THE STAIN ON OUR HONOR...
EVEN IF I **SACRIFICE MYSELF!** AND THAT'S
THE WAY IT'LL BE, BECAUSE THIS OLD CRAFT
CAN'T REMAIN ALLOFT! **BUT BEFORE I GO...**



FROM THE SPACE SHIP, A STRANGE, BLACK RAY
PROBED OUT...

THE CONTROLS--THEY
WON'T ANSWER! WE'RE
GOING DOWN!



BUT NEXT MOMENT--THE SPACE SHIP DISINTEGRATED
WITH A MIGHTY ROAR!

BA-ROOM!



AS FOR PETE'S PLANE...



WEEKS LATER, IN A MILITARY HOSPITAL... AS PETE REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS...

LURA --- WHERE...
IS SHE? WHAT...
HAPPENED TO
HER? IS... IS
SHE...

RELAX, CAPTAIN! YOU'VE
JUST REGAINED CONSCIOUSNESS
AFTER A LONG TOUGH SIEGE!



BUT... BUT WHAT HAPPENED TO THE
GIRL WHO WAS IN THE PLANE WITH ME?

GIRL? I'M AFRAID THAT ALL
THAT WAS JUST A **DELUSION**
... CAUSED BY YOUR INJURY! YOU
RAVED ABOUT SOME GIRL IN
YOUR DELIRIUM, BUT SHE WAS
JUST A MIRAGE! THERE
NEVER WAS ANY
SUCH GIRL!



BUT... BUT YOU'RE **WRONG**!
I... I KNEW HER FOR OVER A
MONTH! I...

LOOK... SUPPOSING I **PROVE**
THAT IT WAS ALL IN YOUR MIND,
AND NEVER HAPPENED? YOU SET
OUT ON YOUR MISSION ON JULY
4TH, RIGHT? THAT'S WHEN YOU
WERE INJURED IN A DOGFIGHT
--- AND IT'S THE **VERY DATE**
YOU WERE BROUGHT IN
HERE! SO YOU SEE, THERE
COULDN'T HAVE BEEN
ANY GIRL!

BUT... BUT SHE WAS SO BEAUTIFUL...
I LOVED HER SO MUCH... I COULD
HAVE **SWORN** IT WAS ALL--REAL!
BUT I COULDN'T HAVE STOOD IT
IF SHE **HAD** BEEN REAL... AND
DIED SO NEAR TO SAFETY
AND HAPPINESS!



JUST WHAT WAS THE IDEA
OF THAT, DOCTOR? YOU
KNOW PERFECTLY WELL
THAT HE WAS BROUGHT
IN HERE ON **AUGUST 4TH**,
A FULL MONTH AFTER
YOU SAID!

YES --- AND I KNOW
SOMETHING **ELSE**! HE'S
MY PATIENT, AND HE'S HAD
A BAD TIME OF IT! LET
HIM THINK IT WAS ALL A
DELUSION---THAT WAY,
WE'LL SAVE HIS
SANITY!

BUT I WOULDN'T BE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS REASON IF
HE KNEW THAT WHEN HE WAS REMOVED FROM THAT
PLANE, HE WASN'T ALONE --- THAT IN IT WAS THE
BODY OF A STRANGELY-DRESSED GIRL SO
BEAUTIFUL THAT SHE WAS REALLY **OUT**
OF THIS WORLD!



II



THE END!

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Talk, Sing, Play thru your radio

Sing, laugh, talk, crack jokes from another room and your voice will be reproduced thru the radio! Fool everybody into thinking it's coming right out of the radio. Easily attached to most standard radios. Made of handsome enameled metal 4 inches high. No. 112. 1.98

1.98

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It bounces cockeyed, it curves, it dips, it's impossible to catch. It's sure to set all the kids on the block spinning after it. There's a barrel of fun in every bounce of this amazing baseball. No. 158. 50.

50.

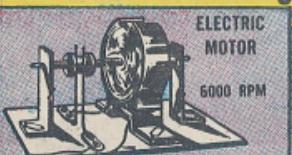


POWERFUL COMPACT ONE TUBE RADIO

Pocket Size . . . Brings in stations up to 1000 miles away

Modern electronics makes this wonderful set possible. So small it will fit in a pocket. Everything is supplied for you. Easy to assemble in a few minutes with just a screw driver. No soldering required. Really powerful too. Announcements of stations up to 1000 miles away come in so loud and clear you'd think they were right near home. Learn many useful and important things about radio. No. 205.

3.98



ELECTRIC MOTOR

6000 RPM

Drives all Models

This is an offer that sounds unbelievable but it is being made just the same. Yes, you can have an actual electric motor for just 50¢. This compact little kit makes it a cinch to build this high power motor and the fun you are going to get from using it is so simple and you know it is ready to turn out 6000 RPM's of power to work for you. The coils of this remarkable tool actually turn at the rate of 1500 feet per minute. No. 652.

Only 50¢

The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation" absolutely harmless.

No. 239. Only 50¢

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Your chance to be a ventriloquist. Throw your voice into trunks, behind doors, and everywhere. Instrument fits in your mouth and out of sight. You'll fool the teacher, your friends, and your family and have fun doing it. Free book on "How to Become a Ventriloquist". No. 137.

25¢

LOOK-BACK SCOPE



Your chance to have eyes in back of your head. See behind or alongside and no one knows you are watching. Fun everywhere you go. No. 146. 35¢

TALKING TEETH

They move! They talk! They're weird! Guaranteed to shut the blabbermouths up for good. It'll really embarrass them. It's a set of big false teeth that when wound up, start to chatter away, talk, crack. A great comic effect for false teeth on cold nights. No. 513. 1.25



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Place it on a chair under a cushion, then watch the fun when someone sits down! It gives forth embarrassing noises. Made of rubber, and inflatable. A scream at parties and gatherings. No. 247. 50¢

50¢

MANY EXCLUSIVE ITEMS AVAILABLE



POWERFUL COMPACT ONE TUBE RADIO

Pocket Size . . . Brings in stations up to 1000 miles away

Modern electronics makes this wonderful set possible. So small it will fit in a pocket. Everything is supplied for you. Easy to assemble in a few minutes with just a screw driver. No soldering required. Really powerful too. Announcements of stations up to 1000 miles away come in so loud and clear you'd think they were right near home. Learn many useful and important things about radio. No. 205.

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BLACK EYE JOKE

Show them the "naughty" pictures inside. Then twist it and turn it to see, but all they do is blacked their eyes. No. 216. 25¢



SURPRISE PACKAGE

Are you willing to take a chance? We won't tell you what you get, but because you're willing to gamble, we'll give you more than your money's worth. Only 50¢

No. 7678. 50¢



HOT SEAT

Simply place down on an seat. Heat up in a few minutes and does victim jump up fast. Only 20¢

No. 7558. 20¢



JOY BUZZER

The most popular joke novelty in years! Wind up and wear it like a ring. When you shake hands, it almost raises the victim off his feet with a "shocking sensation" absolutely harmless.

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10 DAY TRIAL FREE

HONOR HOUSE PRODUCTS CORP., Lynbrook, N. Y. Dept. 91. Cannot ship orders totalling less than \$10.00. Rush me the items listed below. If I am not satisfied I may return any part of my purchase after 10 days free trial for full refund of the purchase price.

ITEM = NAME OF ITEM HOW MANY TOTAL PRICE

I enclose _____ in full payment. The Honor House Products Corp. will pay postage.
 Send C.O.D. I will pay postman on delivery plus a few cents postage.

NAME _____
 ADDRESS _____

The Scent of JASMINE

Let's start this story off with a firm pronouncement. There aren't any such things as ghosts, as far as science has been able to establish. Therefore, haunted houses just don't and can't exist. You can draw any conclusion you want from the facts we're going to disclose. Forget the supernatural angle—if you dig around enough, you'll doubtless be able to come up with a perfectly logical physical explanation for the whole setup. And when you produce that explanation, please send it to us!

Nobody ever had a better bringing-up than Whitney Evans. He had a devoted mother who loved him dearly—and he returned that love. His earliest memories of her were of the pride that shone from her eyes whenever she looked at him, and the wonderful protective feeling of her arms about him. And mingled with those memories was the scent of jasmine. That was the perfume which she always used, and he grew to love it because it heralded her presence. He would breathe deep of it as he listened to her counsel, learning at her knee the lessons of honesty, truth and faithfulness which she strove always to impart to him. Yes, those were happy days in the old house in the green hills of New Hampshire.

But time has a way of effecting changes—and sometimes they're cruel and drastic. Whitney Evans was still a child when his mother died, and his life was never the same after that. His father could no longer bear to remain in the house which had known such happiness, and so they left and came to New York. But here, circumstances turned against them, and poverty was their lot. Whitney grew up without any particular skill or training, and was compelled to take any job he could get. Unfortunately, he never rose much above this status. As the years passed, life became a succession of low-paying jobs which granted him a bare existence. At last, he secured a position with a bank as a messenger, and here he remained. He became a trusted employee, but within his heart, bitterness was growing. Why should others have wealth, and he nothing? Why should he be compelled to work so hard? Nobody appreciated him, that was the trouble—everybody was trying to take advantage of him! What was building within him was what psychologists know as a persecution complex, which makes a man lose all

perspective, and feel that the world is against him. What this grew into must have been a temporary insanity, to make Whitney forget the carefully-taught lessons of his youth. As a messenger, he was entrusted with large quantities of cash and negotiable securities. Good—he would wait for a large consignment, and then disappear with it. Illogically, he reasoned that since the consignment was covered by insurance, he wouldn't be hurting anyone. Of course, he'd have to hide out until the hue and cry were over, but he'd planned for that. The old New Hampshire mountain home where he'd lived as a child was untenanted—he'd discovered this by judicious investigation. That's where he'd go!

And so, with the money and securities he'd gotten through this desperate expedient, Whitney came to the old house. How different it was! Old, vacant, with broken windows—where all had once been neat and clean. All the better—he could be sure that nobody would come there! But memory tugged at his heartstrings as he entered the dismal hall. There were the stairs, the bannister he'd slid down as a child. Slowly, he mounted the steps, looked into the cobwebbed room where he'd slept as a boy. He was coming to another room now—*hers!* Oddly enough, the door was locked—but the rusted padlock gave beneath his pressure, and now he was inside. This was the room she had been in—her little world—a world of love, warmth and truth. And now nothing but dust, grime, coldness. But as he settled into a rickety chair, reviewing the long-dead past, something strange happened. From the corners, from all over, at once it came—first the slightest breath, then increasing until it became triumphant and all-pervasive—*the scent of jasmine!* It was as if *she* were here, her arms protective about him, her eyes radiant with pride. His mother—proud of *him!* Proud of how he had lived up to her lessons of honesty and faithfulness! He looked down dazedly—and caught sight of the satchel containing the money and securities. *What had he done?*

As he walked out of the front door of the house, satchel in hand, Whitney Evans was smiling. He was going to show her that the pride in her eyes was justified. There was yet time to return the purloined consignment, he thought, the scent of jasmine still strong in his nostrils.

The MAN who LIVED AGAIN!



I DOUBT IT, MISS...I'VE NEVER VISITED EUROPE BEFORE!

NOW I REMEMBER... IT WAS IN THAT OLD BOOK THAT CAME IN YESTERDAY! I'M SURE THERE'S A PICTURE THAT RESEMBLES YOU!



SHE WAS RIGHT! THERE, IN AN 18TH CENTURY BOOK ON THE ENGLISH PEERAGE...

GREAT SCOTT, THAT DOES LOOK LIKE ME!

IT'S UNCANNY! SUPPOSE WE HAVE A LOOK AT THE ORIGINAL PORTRAIT?



THE GIRL, JANE THACKERAY, ACCOMPANIED THE STUNNED AMERICAN TO MARSTON CASTLE, A CRUMBLING STRUCTURE NOT FAR FROM LONDON WHICH WAS KEPT OPEN AS A MUSEUM...

FUNNY, I-I MUST HAVE SEEN PICTURES OF IT--BECAUSE IT LOOKS AWFULLY FAMILIAR!

THAT'S STRANGE, MR. HARRIS... VERY STRANGE!



WITHIN THE ANCIENT HALLS, ALEX HARRIS FELT A STRANGE AND INEXPLICABLE RUSH OF FEAR SWEEP OVER HIM...

DON'T GET MANY VISITORS HERE THESE DAYS, SIR! COME, I'LL SHOW YOU ABOUT!



AS THE TOUR PROCEEDED, HE LEARNED THAT SIR CHARLES HAD DIED 176 YEARS BEFORE, AND THAT NO HEIR HAD EVER BEEN FOUND TO INHERIT THE IMMENSE PROPERTY...

HIS PORTRAIT'S IN THE MASTER BEDROOM, AND GREAT SCOTT! THAT CLOCK HASN'T CHIMED IN OVER 150 YEARS!

I... I DON'T LIKE THIS!



TO THE DAZED AMERICAN, IT WAS LIKE REVISITING A SCENE FROM A FARAWAY CHILDHOOD...

YOUR ANCESTORS WERE ENGLISH, WEREN'T THEY, MR. HARRIS?

MY FAMILY TREES ALL MIXED UP---BUT THERE WERE A COUPLE OF BRITISHERS AROUND!

BEFORE THE DOOR OF THE MASTER BEDROOM, ALEX HELD BACK! FOR THOUGH HE WAS A BRAVE MAN, HE RECOILED BEFORE THE KNOWLEDGE THAT HE KNEW EXACTLY WHAT IT WOULD LOOK LIKE! THEN...

BLIMEY, GIRL... I DIDN'T REALIZE, BUT THE PICTURE LOOKS EXACTLY LIKE YOU!

I KNEW IT... I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE!

LIKE A MAN WALKING IN HIS SLEEP, ALEX SLOWLY APPROACHED THE TABLE WHICH STOOD AT THE SIDE OF THE BED...

WHAT'S THIS?

A PLASTER CAST OF SIR CHARLES' HAND WHICH HE HAD MADE DURING HIS LIFETIME!

IT WAS THEN THE CLIMACTIC MOMENT ARRIVED...

LOOK! THE PALM LINES ON THIS CAST AND ON MY HANDS ARE IDENTICAL! BUT THAT'S SCIENTIFICALLY IMPOSSIBLE... UNLESS...

LATER THAT AFTERNOON, IN A LAWYER'S OFFICE...

YOUR STORY'S INTERESTING, OF COURSE---BUT OBVIOUSLY MERE COINCIDENCE! HOWEVER, THE ESTATE WOULD BE YOURS, IF WE CAN PROVE YOU'RE RELATED TO SIR CHARLES!

THAT'S WHAT I'M HIRING YOU FOR, MR. BRUMLEY... TO FIND OUT!

18 MONTHS LATER, WHEN OLD GENEALOGICAL RECORDS ACTUALLY PROVED THE AMERICAN'S DESCENT...

THE COURT FINDS THAT YOUR TITLE TO THE PROPERTY IS CLEAR, MR. HARRIS! CONGRATULATIONS!

JUST LIKE THAT... I'M A MILLIONAIRE!

SOON AFTERWARDS, MARSTON CASTLE CEASED BEING A MUSEUM AND BECAME A HOME---FOR A VERY HAPPY YOUNG COUPLE!

DARLING, DO YOU THINK I'M ACTUALLY SIR CHARLES REINCARNATED? OR IS IT ALL COINCIDENCE?

I DON'T KNOW, SWEET-HEART... AND I REALLY DON'T CARE!

BUT STUDENTS OF THE SUPERNATURAL DO CARE! WHAT'S YOUR OPINION, READER?

THE END

THE BOTTLE

SOME PEOPLE SAY THAT TIME IS AN ILLUSION, THAT THERE ARE OCCASIONS WHEN PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE BECOME HOPELESSLY ENTANLED, DEFYING THE MIND OF MAN! CONSIDER THE EXPERIENCE OF JOEY MANNERS, WHO GREW UP BY THE SEASIDE IN CALIFORNIA --

GEE, THE WAVE
BROUGHT IN
A BOTTLE --

HARRY LAROUS

JOEY WAS ONLY FIVE YEARS OLD, AND THE BOTTLE FASCINATED HIM --

THERE'S SOMETHING
INSIDE IT, DADDY!
WHAT IS IT?

LOOKS LIKE
A PIECE OF
PAPER!

HMM, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO
MAKE OF THIS! COULD IT HAVE
BEEN WRITTEN BY SOME POOR
SAILOR WHO WAS
SHIPWRECKED?

LET ME
SEE IT, DEAR!

THE FELLOW MUST HAVE
BEEN DELIRIOUS! HE DOESN'T
GIVE HIS NAME OR ANYTHING
ELSE! AND THERE'S NO DATE --
SO THERE'S NO TELLING
WHEN THE NOTE
WAS WRITTEN!

If anybody finds
this note, get in
touch with my
wife. Tell her and
my parents that
I love them.

YEARS PASSED AND THE INCIDENT WAS FORGOTTEN -- THOUGH
THE BOTTLE AND NOTE WERE KEPT AS CURIOSITIES IN THE
FAMILY ATTIC! WHEN THE WORLD WAR BROKE OUT, JOEY
MANNERS, NOW MARRIED, ENLISTED IN THE AIR CORPS
AND SAW MUCH ACTION --

HOPE YOU Clobber
THE JAPS TODAY,
LIEUTENANT!

THANK
YOU, SIR!

X-2

FAR OUT OVER THE VAST PACIFIC,
HIS LUCK RAN OUT--



HE BARELY HAD TIME TO SEND OUT DISTRESS SIGNALS
BEFORE THE PLANE PLUMMETED SEAWARD--



THE EMERGENCY INFLATABLE
RAFT WAS STOCKED WITH ENOUGH
PROVISIONS TO LAST SEVERAL
DAYS. HE WATCHED GRIMLY
AS HIS PLANE SANK
BENEATH THE WAVES--

AS THE LONG DAYS PASSED, HIS
STRENGTH BEGAN TO WANE. THE
SUN BEAT DOWN MERCILESSLY,
AND HIS SUPPLY OF WATER
BECAME DANGEROUSLY LOW--



TIME SEEMED TO LOSE ALL
MEANING! HE THOUGHT ENDLESSLY
ABOUT HIS PARENTS, AND THE
GIRL HE HAD MARRIED SHORTLY
BEFORE GOING OVERSEAS--



HIS MIND BEGAN TO WANDER AS SUNSTROKE, HUNGER,
AND THIRST TOOK THEIR TOLL! HE COULD BARELY HOLD
THE PENCIL IN HIS TREMBLING HANDS--

MAYBE SOMEBODY'LL
FIND THIS NOTE! I'VE
HEARD OF THINGS LIKE
THAT HAPPENING
BEFORE!



THEN, SEALING THE NOTE IN A BOTTLE--

FUNNY, I'VE GOT... A FEELING...
AS IF SOMEHOW... ALL THIS
IS FAMILIAR--



NEXT DAY, WHEN HE WAS TOO WEAK EVEN TO SHOUT, A RESCUE SUBMARINE APPEARED...

I'M... SAVED...



WHEN THEY GOT HIM ABOARD THE VESSEL, HE RAVED FOR SEVERAL DAYS --



TYPICAL REACTION TO SUCH AN ORDEAL! ALL SORTS OF CHILDHOOD MEMORIES MINGLED WITH THE AGONIES OF THOSE LONG DAYS OF DRIFTING!

ONCE BACK IN THE UNITED STATES, HE WAS GIVEN A LONG CONVALESCENT LEAVE! HE FLEW TO CALIFORNIA IMMEDIATELY, WHERE HIS ANXIOUS WIFE AND PARENTS AWAITED HIM --



WHEN HE TOLD IN DETAIL, EVERYTHING THAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIM --

IT'S A PECULIAR COINCIDENCE, SON! DO YOU REMEMBER FINDING A BOTTLE SOME POOR DEVIL HAD THROWN INTO THE OCEAN? IT HAPPENED YEARS AGO!



HERE IT IS, JOEY! THE NOTE'S STILL INSIDE! FUNNY, WE NEVER COULD FIND OUT WHO THE MAN WAS! HE DIDN'T SIGN HIS NAME!

LET ME SEE IT, DAD!



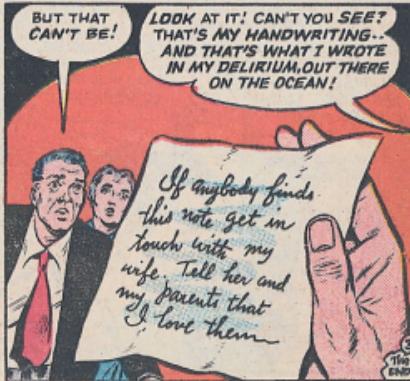
WHAT IS IT, SON? YOU'RE AS PALE AS A SHEET?

IT... IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! THIS IS THE NOTE I WROTE!



BUT THAT CAN'T BE!

LOOK AT IT! CAN YOU SEE? THAT'S MY HANDWRITING... AND THAT'S WHAT I WROTE IN MY DELIRIUM, OUT THERE ON THE OCEAN!



HELP WANTED!

FRANK SKINNER WAS ALMOST AT HIS WITS' END ON THAT SUNDAY MORNING IN APRIL THREE YEARS AGO --

THE MILK'LL HAVE TO CARRY ME FOR THE REST OF THE DAY -- BECAUSE I DON'T HAVE ENOUGH MONEY FOR A MEAL!



FRANK WAS A TYPE-SETTER, AND A LONG ILLNESS HAD COST HIM BOTH HIS JOB AND BANK ACCOUNT --

I'VE JUST GOT TO FIND WORK THIS WEEK -- I'VE GOT TO!



TYPESETTING JOBS WERE VERY SCARCE AT THE TIME, AND RARELY ADVERTISED, BUT FRANK SCRUTINIZED THE WANT AD COLUMNS --



HE WAS AT THE ADDRESS AT 8 A.M. ON MONDAY MORNING, THE FIRST TO ARRIVE!

I'D LIKE TO SEE THE BOSS IN CONNECTION WITH THIS WANT AD, MISS!

THAT'S FUNNY, I DIDN'T KNOW WE'D PUT ONE IN THE PAPERS! HOLD ON, I'LL SPEAK TO THE MANAGER!



THERE'S A MAN OUTSIDE APPLYING FOR A TYPE-SETTER'S JOB! DID YOU PUT AN AD IN THE PAPERS?

NO, I DIDN'T! BUT WE CAN USE A NEW MAN! I JUST LEARNED OLD PERKINS PASSED AWAY FRIDAY NIGHT! SEND THE FELLOW IN!



FRANK WAS TESTED FOR ABILITY, AND WON THE JOB! LATER --

NOBODY COULD HAVE PUT THIS AD IN THE PAPERS -- BECAUSE WE DIDN'T KNOW TILL TODAY WE'D NEED A MAN!

VERY STRANGE, SIR! I'D SUGGEST CALLING THE NEWSPAPER!



YOU SAY THE AD WAS PLACED SATURDAY NIGHT BY A MAN WHO PHONED IN, GIVING THE NAME PERKINS? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE -- OLD PERKINS DIED FRIDAY NIGHT! YOU'VE GOT TO GIVE ME A REASONABLE EXPLANATION!

A REASONABLE EXPLANATION? CAN YOU SUPPLY IT, READER?



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Vitamin A	13,500 USP Units
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Vitamin B ₆	1 mg.
Vitamin B ₁₂	40 mcg.
Calcium	
Pantothenate	4 mg.
Vitamin E	0.5 mg.
Folic Acid	0.5 mg.
Calcium	75 mg.
Phosphorus	58 mg.
Iron	30 mg.
Copper	0.16 mg.
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Potassium	27 mg.
Zinc	0.5 mg.
Magnesium	3 mg.
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EDITOR

LET'S TALK IT OVER!

Well—so here we are all together again! As you all know, this is the monthly meeting-place of the fans of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*," and we sure are glad to see all of you! But looking around, it begins to appear as if we might need a larger place in which to assemble. Our readership is growing in leaps and bounds. Nationally, there's scarcely a hamlet in America that doesn't have its share of loyal "*Unknown*" fans. And internationally—well, there's scarcely a country in the world in which there aren't readers waiting anxiously for the next issue of yours and our favorite comics magazine!

But we're all here now, so it's time to get on with our meeting. Let's see what's on the agenda for discussion. Oh, yes—covers!

By this we mean the front covers which grace every issue of "*Adventures Into The Unknown*." We feel that you, our readers, should have a lot to say on this subject—but so far, you haven't! You've let us know just where you stand on the subject of story. Your letters tell us just what stories we carry meet with your approval—and which ones you don't like. That's simply fine—we *want* to know your preferences, because this is your magazine and we want it to reflect your tastes. But it takes more than story to make a comics magazine! The very first thing you see is its cover, and frequently this is the thing which decides a purchaser on whether or not to buy the publication. All right, advise us—what sort of covers do you like? There are many sorts, you know. There's the kind which socks you in the eye, involving dramatic closeups of sensational material. Then, there's the more restrained type, which merely *suggest*, and leave it to the reader to grasp the built-in excitement by his own mental processes. For instance, a dinosaur charging towards you in bold close-up would exemplify the former type of cover. On the other hand, a cover which depicts a man stealing towards the reader down a shadowy street would be an example of the more restrained handling. Which do you prefer us to carry? Let us know! Address your letter to the Editor, "*Adventures Into The Unknown*," 45 West 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. We'd also like to know what you think of this current issue. Do you like stories of the type of "*Secret of Hidden Valley*?" We went all out on that one, trying to bring you something *different*—and we'd like to

know if we've succeeded! Also "*Lighthouse On The Reef*," an atmospheric yarn that packs a punch. Like it?

We're more than pleased at the reactions of many of our readers, and would like to give you a representative showing. Stand by!

"Dear Editor:—

For relaxation, I always enjoy comics magazines — and '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' is high on my list of favorites. In the past, I thought I enjoyed stories about werewolves and vampires, but, instead, these you're now running are just the greatest! I like them because there is more thought behind the writing, the stories have surprise endings, and they deal with ideas which haven't already been worked to death. It's always nice to have new material to read, and your stories always make the reader certain of a new slant on the subjects. I can see that it is an improvement on the old comics magazines. I prefer such stories as '*The Robot*', '*The Actor*' and '*The Many Lives of Mark Martin*'. Keep your magazine the wholesome, entertaining and interesting periodical it is!

—Ruth G. Newman, Galax, Va."

"Dear Editor:—

Your challenging stories are quite fascinating, specially, '*The Past Is Always With Us*.' Here's hoping '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' keeps up the splendid work!

—Bob Fiska, Bayside, N. Y."

"Dear Editor:—

Just thought I'd drop you a line to let you know that the Nova Scotians are with you, too. I've read '*Adventures Into The Unknown*' ever since I can remember. Just continue those wonderful stories and we'll make it a lifetime association!

—Margy Burke, Pictou, N. S., Canada"

"Dear Editor:—

Just a few words to tell you that I've been thrilled with the wonderful stories and features in '*Adventures Into The Unknown*'! Yes—we read your great magazine down here, too!

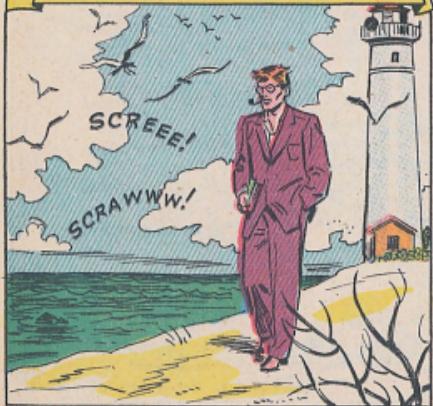
—Thos. A. Dundas, Monrovia, Liberia"

LIGHTHOUSE ON THE REEF

THE LIGHTHOUSE STOOD ON A LONELY SPOT OFF THE COAST OF MASSACHUSETTS -- OCCUPIED BY A SOLITARY MAN, JOHN TUCKER! STILL COMPARATIVELY YOUNG, HE SOUGHT ONLY SECLUSION, HATING THE HUSTLE AND BUSTLE OF THE MODERN WORLD! BUT STRANGE THINGS CAN HAPPEN TO A MAN LOST IN LONELINESS... WITH ONLY HIS OWN THOUGHTS FOR COMPANY... SURROUNDED BY THE IMMENSITY OF THE MURMURING SEA...



DAY AFTER DAY, JOHN TUCKER WALKED THE WHITE SANDS -- LISTENING TO THE POUNDING OF THE SURF AND THE ENDLESS SCREAM OF THE GULLS --



BOOKS WERE HIS SOLE COMPANIONS, AND IN HIS SPARE TIME HE WAS WRITING A HISTORY OF THE EARLY AMERICAN SETTLERS --



HE RESENTED ALL INTRUSIONS, EVEN WHEN SUPPLIES WERE BROUGHT TO HIM...

THIS IS NO LIFE FOR A MAN, JOHN! YOU SHOULD GO BACK TO THE MAINLAND FOR A SPELL--GET TO MEET PEOPLE!

I HAVE MY BOOKS, THE GULLS AND THE SEA--THEY'RE COMPANY ENOUGH FOR ME!

YOU'RE ASKING FOR TROUBLE! THE SEA CAN DO THINGS TO A MAN--MYSTERIOUS THINGS!

NONSENSE!

AND SO HE RETURNED TO HIS SOLITUDE, AND TIME SLIPPED BY...

THIS OLD BOOK OF PIRATES IS FASCINATING! IN COLONIAL DAYS THEY USED COVES IN THESE PARTS AS SECRET ANCHORAGES-- WHY, IT EVEN SAYS THAT THE OLD FRENCH BUCCANEER ANDRÉ DUPREZ BURIED HIS TREASURE SOMEWHERE ON THIS COAST!

ONE NIGHT SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, THERE WAS A TERRIFIC STORM! HE HAD BEEN FEELING POORLY ALL DAY, FEVERISH AND DIZZY! IT WAS ALL HE COULD DO TO LIGHT THE BEACON...

ONE OF THE WORST STORMS I EVER SAW-- I'D SURE HATE TO BE AT SEA TONIGHT!

HE TRIED TO CONCENTRATE ON A BOOK --BUT THE WORDS DANCED BEFORE HIS EYES! OUTSIDE THE WIND WAS HOWLING --SOUNDING ALMOST HUMAN--

HELP! HELP!

GOOD HEAVENS, THAT SOUNDS LIKE A HUMAN VOICE--NEARBY! I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!

THE NIGHT WAS DARK AND WILD BUT HE COULD SEE CLEARLY--

N-NO! IT CAN'T BE REAL! IT'S HEADING STRAIGHT FOR THE REEF!

BEFORE HIS STARTLED EYES, THE INCREDIBLE DRAMA UNFOLDED! THERE WAS NOTHING HE COULD DO--

CRASH

AFTER THE TERRIFIC IMPACT, THE SHIP SOMEHOW REMAINED INTACT, HELD ALOFT ON THE ROCKS AT A CRAZY ANGLE! THEN--

OVER THE SIDE, FRIENDS! THERE'S NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE!

GREAT SCOTT! THEY'RE DRESSED LIKE PILGRIMS!

HE STOOD ROOTED--DISBELIEVING! THE PILGRIMS CAME STREAMING OFF THE SHIP, SCAMPERING ACROSS THE SLIPPERY ROCKS TO SAFETY--

W-WHO ARE YOU? PRITHEE, WHAT MANNER OF MAN ART THOU? THOU ART CLAD MOST STRANGELY!



STAGGERING WITH SHOCK, HE TOOK THE SURVIVORS BACK TO THE LIGHTHOUSE! HIS AMAZEMENT WAS EQUALLED BY THEIRS--

I...I KNOW YOU'RE ALL FIGMENTS OF MY IMAGINATION--BUT YOU SEEM SO REAL!

WHAT SAYEST THOU, STRANGER? THINE EYES BURN AS IF WITH FEVER!



I AM CAPTAIN CALEB HALL, MASTER OF THE MARY ARNOLD--BOIND FOR MASSACHUSETTS WITH THESE PILGRIM SETTLERS!

I KNOW I'M DREAMING! I--I GUESS IT'S FEVER THAT'S GIVING ME THIS WEIRD HALLUCINATION!



YES, A HALLUCINATION, BUT JOHN WELCOMED IT! FOR NOW HE COULD LEARN FIRST HAND MANY THINGS HE COULD NOT LEARN FROM BOOKS--

M-MAKE YOUR-SELVES AT HOME! WE THANK THEE! MAYHAP MY NAME IS JOHN TUCKER!

WE THANK THEE! MAYHAP THOU CANST TELL US MUCH OF THE NEW WORLD!

IT IS TOO LATE FOR TALK TONIGHT! WE HAD ALL BETTER GET SOME REST--AND MAKE PLANS IN THE MORNING!



ONCE ALONE, JOHN WENT INSTANTLY TO THE RADIO TO COMMUNICATE WITH THE MAINLAND! BUT ALTHOUGH THE EQUIPMENT WAS IN GOOD ORDER--

THAT'S FUNNY-- THERE'S NO REPLY!



HE SLEPT HEAVILY, AND NEXT MORNING --



THE STORM WAS GONE AND THE SUNLIGHT BRILLIANT, AS HE GLANCED OUT THE WINDOW --



FRANTICALLY, HE DASHED BELOW --



IT'S
ANOTHER
SAILING
SHIP!

GOOD FORTUNE
FOR US -- THEY CAN
HELP US REACH
THE MAINLAND!
FETCH ME MY SPY-
GLASS -- I'LL SOON
LEARN WHETHER
IT BE A
BRITISH
VESSEL!

IT... IT FLIES
THE JOLLY
ROGER!



PIRATES!
CAPTAIN,
WHAT CAN
WE DO?

NOTHING! OUR
VESSEL WILL
ATTRACT THEM --
AND IF WE RESIST,
THEY'LL ATTACK
US ALL! WE CAN
ONLY PRAY!





WEEKS LATER --

WELL, YOUR VESSEL'S IN FINE SHAPE NOW! YOU MUST BE ANXIOUS TO PUT TO SEA AGAIN!

AYE, JOHN -- AND I FIND I'VE TAKEN A BIT OF A FANCY TO YOU! SEEIN' AS HOW WE'RE SHORT-HANDED, I'M TAKIN' YOU ALONG!

N-NO! I DON'T WANT TO GO! INTO THE BOAT, ME BUCKO! I SAID WE WERE SHORT-HANDED!

AS THE LIGHTHOUSE RECEDED INTO THE DISTANCE --

BUT WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO THOSE PILGRIMS? HOW'LL THEY GET OFF THE ISLAND?

CAN'T WORRY ABOUT THEM, MATE! WE GOT OUR OWN WORK TO DO!

BUT I'M NO PIRATE -- I WOULDN'T BE ANY GOOD AS A FIGHTER!

YOU'LL THINK DIFFERENT WHEN YOU SEE HOW MUCH LOOT THERE'S TO BE WON ON THE SEVEN SEAS! OUR FIRST JOB IS TO BURY SOME OF OUR HAUL -- AND THE SPOT'S NOT FAR AWAY!

NEXT DAY, IN A QUIET COVE --

WHY ARE WE DROPPING ANCHOR?

BECAUSE HERE'S WHERE WE BURY OUR TREASURE -- FOR SAFE-KEEPING!

ENOUGH GOLD AND JEWELS FOR A KING, EH? DOESN'T THIS CHANGE YOUR MIND ABOUT BUCCANEERING?

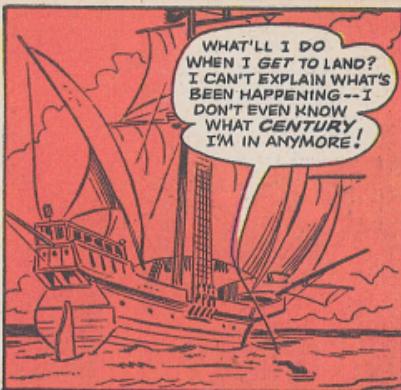
SO THE LEGENDS ARE TRUE! THIS IS WHERE DUPREZ BURIED HIS LOOT, BESIDE THAT LARGE BOULDER NEAR THE FOUR-FOOT OAK TREE!

THE TASK COMPLETED, DUPREZ PUT TO SEA ONCE MORE --

HAVE A TANKARD OF ALE, MATE! WE'LL DRINK TO THE CHINA SEAS AND GOOD HUNTING -- FOR THAT'S WHERE WE'RE HEADED!

THE CHINA SEAS! I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF THIS -- SOMEHOW!

THAT NIGHT, JOHN TOOK A DESPERATE CHANCE --



FOR HOURS HE SWAM TOWARD LAND, TILL FINALLY HIS STRENGTH BEGAN TO FAIL! HE MIGHT HAVE MADE IT, BUT A TREACHEROUS OFFSHORE CURRENT WAS RUNNING AGAINST HIM --



HE STRUGGLED DESPERATELY, BUT THE PITILESS WATERS ENGULFED HIM --



HE SWIRLED INTO FATHOMLESS DARKNESS, UNTIL SUDDENLY--



THE WIND STILL HOWLED OUTSIDE -- AS IT HAD ON THE NIGHT ALL THE STRANGE EVENTS HAD BEGUN! GROGGILY HE WENT TO THE RADIO, FEVER BURNING WITHIN HIS VEINS --



HE WAS DELIRIOUS WHEN HELP ARRIVED NEXT DAY --

DUPREZ -- PIRATES -- CAPTAIN HALL -- PILGRIMS --

HE'S RAVING, POOR DEVIL! THE LONELINESS HAD ADDLED HIS WITS!



HE SPENT MANY WEEKS CONVALESCING IN A BOSTON HOSPITAL --

WELL, YOU'LL BE READY TO LEAVE BY TOMORROW! YOU SHOULD HAVE HEARD YOURSELF RAVING, TUCKER--THE MOST FANTASTIC NONSENSE!

Y-YES, I GUESS THAT'S ALL IT WAS--BUT IT ALL SEEMED SO REAL!

BUT CURIOSITY GNAWED AT JOHN TUCKER! IMPULSE LED HIM TO THE LEADING EXPERT ON MARITIME HISTORY IN NEW ENGLAND--

YES, MR. TUCKER, THERE IS A RECORD OF A SHIP CALLED THE MARY ARNOLD! IT WAS UNDER THE COMMAND OF CAPTAIN CALEB HALL, UNTIL IT FOUND OFF THE COAST OF MASSACHUSETTS 250 YEARS AGO--WITH ALL HANDS LOST! THERE'S A LIGHTHOUSE ON THE SPOT NOW!

IT WAS A STAGGERING SHOCK! BUT NOW ANOTHER MYSTERY REMAINED TO BE SOLVED --

THE TREASURE OF ANDRÉ DUPREZ! I SAW IT BURIED IN ONE OF THE COVES AROUND HERE, NEAR A LARGE Boulder NEXT TO A FOUR-FOOT OAK TREE! MAYBE IT'S STILL THERE!



FOR WEEKS HE SCOURED THE COAST, TILL AT LAST--

THAT'S THE Boulder--I'D RECOGNIZE IT ANYWHERE! AND THAT HUGE OAK--OF COURSE! IT'S GROWN IN THE LAST 250 YEARS!



HE WORKED FRANTICALLY AS THE TENSION MOUNTED EVER HIGHER! FINALLY HIS SPADE STRUCK METAL, AND THEN--

IT'S -- HERE! MILLIONS IN GOLD AND JEWELS!



THE HOARD EVENTUALLY PROVED TO BE WORTH OVER 40 MILLION DOLLARS -- MAKING JOHN ONE OF THE RICHEST MEN IN THE COUNTRY! BUT INSTEAD OF LIVING ON A GRAND SCALE--

YOU--YOU WANT TO TURN OVER YOUR ENTIRE FORTUNE TO THIS MUSEUM -- IF WE GIVE YOU THE JOB OF CURATOR?

YES... YOU SEE, I STILL WANT ONLY PEACE AND QUIET--AND WORKING HERE IS WHAT I WANT MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE IN THE WORLD!



THE BOSTON MUSEUM OF COLONIAL ANTIQUITIES QUICKLY ACCEPTED THE OFFER, AND JOHN SETTLED HAPPILY TO HIS WORK--

I OWE ALL THIS-- EVERYTHING--TO MY WEIRD EXPERIENCE! BUT HOW CAN I EXPLAIN IT -- HOW?



YES, HOW CAN ONE EXPLAIN IT? FOR WHO CAN KNOW WHAT STRANGE THINGS CAN HAPPEN TO A MAN LOST IN LONELINESS... WITH ONLY HIS OWN THOUGHTS FOR COMPANY... SURROUNDED BY THE IMMENSITY OF THE MURMURING SEA...?

A HOMER for HARRY!

HARRY WAS THE SON OF THE IMMORTAL BIG LEAGUE OUT-FIELDER CHICK BENTLEY! THE BOY GREW UP IN AN ATMOSPHERE OF BASEBALL --

YOUNG HARRY DEDICATED HIMSELF TO THE SPORT, BUT HE HAD ONE FAILING -- HE COULDN'T HIT!

YEP, SON, OLD BETSY HANGING ON THE WALL WAS MY FAVORITE BAT! HIT THREE HOME RUNS WITH HER IN ONE GAME! YOU'RE GONNA BE A BIG LEAGUER SOME DAY!

YOU BET, POP!



HARRY WORKED SLAVISHLY TO IMPROVE -- BUT NOTHING HELPED! WHEN HE ENTERED HIGH SCHOOL --

YOU'VE GOTTA LET ME ON THE TEAM, COACH! YOU'VE JUST GOTTA!

YOU'RE A SLICK FIELDER, HARRY! MAYBE I CAN USE YOU, BUT ONLY AS A SUBSTITUTE!



HARRY GOT INTO AN OCCASIONAL GAME, BUT ALL HIS MOMENTS OF GLORY WERE WITH THE GLOVE --

WOW! WHAT A CATCH! IF THAT KID COULD ONLY HIT, HE'D BE SENSATIONAL!



IT WAS THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BIGGEST GAME OF THE YEAR, AND HARRY'S FATHER WAS GOING TO ATTEND! STEALTHILY, THE YOUNGSTER PUT A CRAZY SCHEME INTO ACTION --

OLD BETSY! IT BROUGHT GOOD LUCK TO MY DAD -- MAYBE IT'LL HELP ME! I JUST GOTTA MAKE DAD PROUD OF ME!



HARRY HAD TALKED THE COACH INTO LETTING HIM START THE GAME, AND ON HIS FIRST TRIP TO THE PLATE, CARRYING OLD BETSY --

IT'S A HOMER! THAT'S MY BOY!



HARRY HIT FOUR HOMERS DURING THE GAME, AND AFTERWARDS --

I DID IT WITH OLD BETSY, POP -- SHE BROUGHT! ME LUCK!

OLD BETSY? BUT YOU COULDN'T HAVE! THE BAT'S CRACKED IN TWO PLACES -- AND 20 YEARS OLD!



BUT I... I DON'T UNDERSTAND... I DID DO IT!

SON, ANYBODY WHO CAN HIT HOMERS WITH A BAT LIKE THAT'S GOT THE MAKINGS OF A GREAT HITTER!



Get Rid of UGLY PIMPLES this new easy way!

Amazing new medicated lotion developed by a doctor works wonders by clearing up skin blemishes in one week or less!

DON'T let a bad complexion ruin romance, spoil your fun, cause you to be embarrassed, shy or ashamed. If you suffer from acne, the common external cause of pimples among young people, try this wonderfully effective medicated lotion that was developed by a practicing physician to clear up his own teen age's complexion after other methods had failed. It has produced astonishing results for many thousands of others. It is GUARANTEED to help you or it won't cost you a single cent!

Doesn't Show On Your Face

Keraplex is a skin-colored lotion (NOT a greasy salve or ointment!) that is quickly absorbed by the skin and gets right down in the pores where its healing and antiseptic ingredients can go to work. After you have applied it, there is no trace left on the surface. In fact, it makes a perfect powder base for girls and a refreshing after shaving lotion for men... actually improves the tone of the skin! It is pleasant and easy to use—leaving your skin soft, clean and fragrant.

Works in SIX Out of SEVEN Cases!

An analysis of RESULTS taken from actual case histories proves that Keraplex is successful in clearing up six of every seven cases of externally caused blackheads, pimples and other common blemishes. It is also very effective in the treatment of eczema. It tones up the complexion generally, giving it a healthy, radiant glow.

Try This New Method Without Risking A Penny!

Keraplex is GUARANTEED to clear up your skin troubles or there will be NO COST to you whatsoever. If your happens to be the ONE extra-stubborn case out of seven which Keraplex cannot help in one short week, it will cost you nothing to have tried it. Keraplex is sent to you with that simple, positive GUARANTEE!

SEND NO MONEY

You need send no money with the coupon below. When postman delivers your Keraplex lotion (in plain wrapper marked "Personal"), deposit with him only the modest price indicated below, plus a few cents postage. Then use your Keraplex morning and night for a full week, following the simple directions which will be enclosed.

If you do not SEE RESULTS that delight you—if you are not fully convinced that Keraplex IS clearing up your complexion—just return the empty bottle or unused portion and the purchase price will be refunded in full. Don't delay a single day. The longer you let your skin troubles go, the more difficult it will be to clear them up and get your complexion back to a healthy, clear, unblemished condition! Clip and mail the coupon TODAY. Underwood Laboratories, Inc., Stratford, Conn.



BEFORE



AFTER

This young man suffered from a severe case of acne for years and tried all the usual "remedies" without success.



BEFORE



AFTER

Some girl had used KERAPLEX twice a day for only 5 days when above photo was taken. Note the amazing improvement.

WHAT USERS SAY:

"I was suffering from a severe case of acne... and with only 4 days' treatment with Keraplex... was completely relieved."—P. S.

"I have been completely satisfied with your lotion to help clear up the pimples on my face."—K. W.

"I have been using Keraplex for a severe case of eczema on my hands, knees and elbows. Now my skin is completely clear!"—A. M. B.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

UNDERWOOD LABORATORIES, Inc., Dept. 47
STRATFORD, CONN.

Yes! I want to try Keraplex ON APPROVAL. Send size checked below in plain wrapper marked "personal." When it is delivered I will deposit with postman amount indicated below, plus postage. If I am satisfied with the RESULTS, I will return empty bottle within seven days for a full refund of the purchase price.

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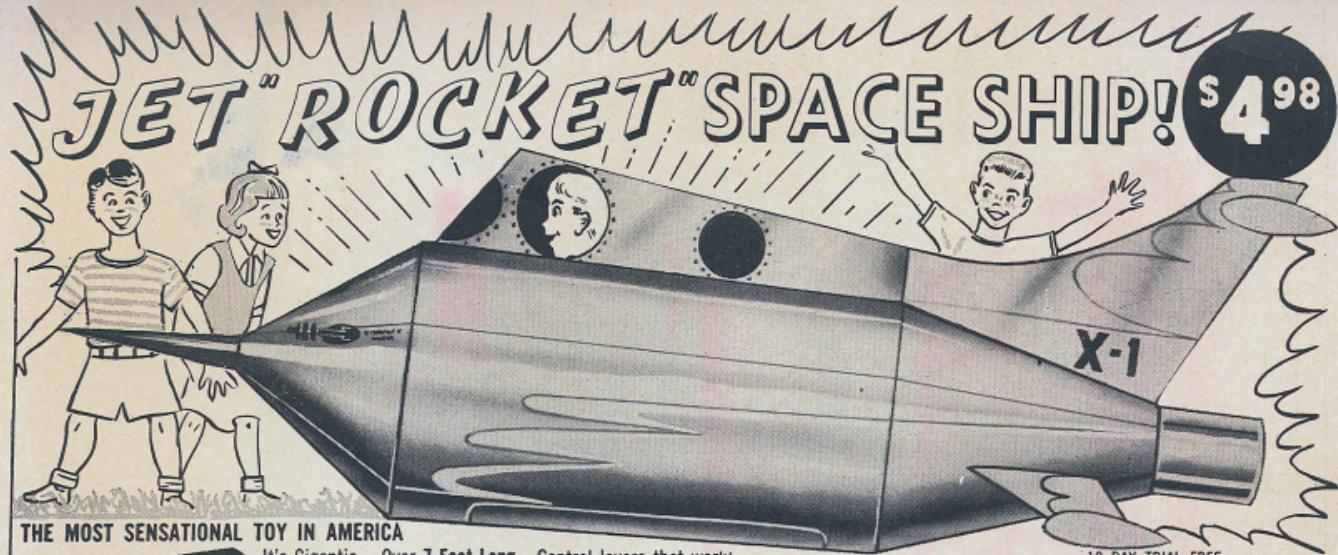
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